do not accept compensation for services from Evening World readers.

with pleasure, and I hope all other cor-

respondents who are faterested in it will

alcohol, two fluid ounces; tineture of

cochineal, one-eighth fluid ounce; dis-

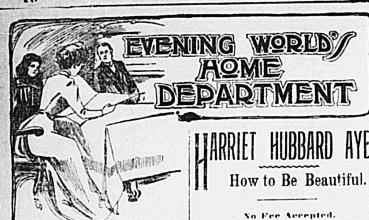
tilled water, sixteen ounces. If the reddish tinge is not desired omit the

Medical Aid Required.

you unquestionably need medical treatment. If you are not able to

pay, go to a dispensary.

it it out and not lose this opportunity



By Mme. Louise.

I get a great many letters every day The Evening World places at the and frequently the same requests are speated twenty or thirty times in one disposal of its feminine readers the services of a very competent dressalne the desired information is in maker who will assist and adv se You can readily see that it would be them in planning new dresses and making over old ones. Address all the attempt, to reply to each communiletters on this topic to "Mme. Louise, catton. The formula to which you refer has Evening World Home Dressmaking been many times published. I repeat to

Dear Mme. Louise: Dear Mine. Louise:

I have purchased dark brown crystal cloth,
which I would like to make into a stylish visiting gown. I am a young lady of eighteen
soda, one-quarter ounce;
biborate of
soda, one-quarter ounce; with a very high color and am rather tall east de cologne, one fluid ounce; pure

Department."



plaits down the side of the skirt and both sides of the waist being one and half inches at their widest part. skirt is finished with machine stitching and panne velvet buttons. Make the yoke of pompadour silk and the vest of pale green embroidered in black and white. The piece of the front and across the shoulder man the collar is cut in vet of the same shade as the material. This is quite a severe gown, but as you are tall and well built you will look 2 stunning in it. MME. LOUISE.

Please advise me about making over a dress of is in the latest style, except that the sleeve has a circular cuff at the hand. The shirt, which is too short for me, is draped. On the bottom of the drapery is a two-inch stirchel tsffeta fold, and under the drapery a ten inch accordion plaiting of the same material. The hips are tucked and a box-plait forms the back. - F. S. P. You can clear your gray gown with

gasoline applied with a woollen cloth. Rip the accordion plaited flounce off your underskirt and sew it to your drapery; this will make the outside skir; longer. The lining can be lengthened with a side plaiting. Invert the box plait in the centre back, remove the cuffs and cut the sleeves up four inches in the centre of the upper; this will give you two square corners. Face them with either black or white satin. turn them back and tack them to th upper sleeve, filling in the space caused by this with a puff of accordion plaited MME LOUISE.

OR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily



To cut this fancy waist for a misfourteen years of age 13-8 yards of all-over lace and 2 yards 27 inches wide will be required to make as illustrated; 2.3-8
Yards 21 inches wide, or 1 1-4 yards 44 To the Editor of The Evening White. hes wide, with 5-8 yards of lace when naterial, with contrasting cuffs, is

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SIDE LIGHTS ON THE NEWS.

As The Evening World took occasion to prelict, a bigger man than old McGurk has come to the front in the Red-Light Precinct and Mc-Gurk's den of degradation and infamy is done for. It was the worst social ulcer that ever festered on the fair fame of a great city-as much an indirect disgrace to the moral sentiment which can overthrow a ruling political party in a day when it desires as it was a direct disgrace to the "higher powers that prey" on the vicious and fatten on extorted blood-money. The souls of the girls who were enticed to sin and shame in this infamous dance-hall were as well worth saving as those of "heathen" Hindoo or bandit T is not necessary to inclose a fee. I Bulgarian, but the hands actually extended to reclaim them were deplorably few.

"Why do you rub gasoline on your hands? "No, to make people think I own an auto

It is worth noting that at the St. Andrew's banquet Andrew Carnegie confined his polations to Scotch whiskey homoeopathically diluted with soda water. This was Queen Victoria's customary beverage after she abandoned sherry by the advice of her doctors-advice that doctors are apt to give at the first development of gouty or rheumatic symptoms. In the days before his greater benefactions had overshadowed his lesser gifts in publicity Mr. Carnegle gave President Harrison a cask of old Scotch that became celebrated in the temperance annals of the White House. Good Scotch diluted with carbonic water now has medicinal qualities ascribed to it greater even than those once imputed to Medford rum. Incidentally it renders the habitual consumer indifferent to the meretricious fascinations of champagne.

"Did he die hard?" "Yes. He was the ossified man, you know."

Dr. Philippe Marechal, of Paris, says in The World that "heavy headgear has so reduced the brain capacity of the modern civilized woman from the type of three centuries ago that to-day

only the Polynesian race shows a smaller cranium." Yet the women of ancient Greece, who ordinarily wore no bats, are represented in coatemporary sculpture with very small heads. The doctor also finds that long skirts have shortened woman's legs and given her the "duck walk peculiar to society women." Perhaps, to carry out the doctor's theory, it is the return to short skirts that has given the golf girl her graceful length of limb. She at least does not walk like

Dr. Marechal's investigations of the effect of the weight of hats on the head are along the lines of those of the London authority who recently attributed masculine baldness to the wearing of silk hats. This investigator did not venture, however, to show that they reduce the size of the head. The President and the only living ex President incline to slouch hats, as did Gen. Grant. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. McKinley wore "stovepipes." So did Daniel Webster. whose dome of thought has never been equalled in circumference among American statesmen. Immediately after the death of the "god-like Daniel" a firm of phrenologists published the cranial measurements of an executed murderer whose brain weighed an ounce more than the great Senator's, and who was not given to wearing high hats. His was a case in point to support Marechal's theory, but probably not one the doctor would care to cite.

"Where would you men be if it wasn't for "Enjoying a comfortable 'L' reat instead of hanging onto a strap."

The Harvard athletic report for 1900-'01 shows a total expenditure of \$117,317 and a net credit balance of \$39,078. The time is not remote in Harvard's history when \$117,000 would have paid the salaries of all the professors in the academic department. The development of the university, great as it has been in the last twenty years, has not kept pace with the wonderful expansion of college sports. And as a

MR. AND MRS. PUTTONSTYLE AT THE GRAND BALL.

By T. E. POWERS.

minor consideration, the treasurer of the football team gets a better practical knowledge of finance than the professor of political economy can teach him.

"And you'll promise to burn all my letters?" "Certainly, dear. I'm just as much ashamed of them as you can possibly be.

It is said that during his latest professional tour of Germany Kubelik received many declarations of love and offers of marriage from his fair admirers every day. At Koniggratz after his concert the students bore him in procession on their shoulders and deposited him on a dais in the public square, where he played to thousands. At Brunn a stranger, seeing the people in their Sunday clothes apparently celebrating a public holiday, asked the occasion of the festivities and was answered: "We expect Kubelik, our king of violinists." Young Daly, "the wonder, by thunder," of the football field, with a President praising him, will not be jealous of Kubelik, nor will "Young Corbett." Hero worship is the same the world over. The point about the present exhibition of it is that all the recipients are boys of twenty or twenty-two.

"The revenue officers came near raiding another illicit distillery last night, but one of the gang gave the alarm." "A still alarm, I suppose.

When a football contest can attract the President and half his Cabinet, the heads of the army and navy and any number of lesser lights in official circles, and move them all to a high pitch of enthusiasm, baseball must yield place as the national game.

It is pointed out that the French soldier, with the abundance of marmalade, chocolate, figs, licorice and caramels in his rations, has a larger allowance of sweets than the soldiers of other nations. Sugar now ranks high in favor with military authorities as fighting food. An allowance of pure candy was added to the rations of American soldiers in the Philippines last year. | ples are so tempting"---

A Cup of Tea

to meet you here, Sue? I'm just dying pause, in which Katherine bowed effus-to see you." The twely to a lady at the next table. "Shall I bring a pot-pie, ma'am?" girl in the brown

automobile coat asked the girl at Sue's elbow. beamed at the girl The latter nodded her head. "And a in the rainy-day pot of tea and sugar wafers for one,

costume as they en- she added. "Do taste my ple," urged Katherine, countered each othwhen the waitress made her appearance. "Thank you, no. Won't you share my

er at the ribbon counter, says the Chicago News. tea?"
"Let's go to the "I'd love to do so tea-room and get of chocolate would "I'd love to do so, but perhaps a cup

"No. ma'am."

joying chicken pot-

"There is so

much one can't

peas.

"They ought to;

out of this bustle, be better for me." I'm tired to death Then, to the waitselecting things to ress: "You may make Christmas bring me a cup of resents," declared chocolate and an order of French "You poor thing! I peas: I quite always leave mine thought you served

until the very last them with the

moment; then I get | ple."

into a hopeless mud-dle and come down with a frightful sick | don't you think so. headache and a cold and end up by dearest?" to Sue. sending little apologetic notes and cards, and, after all, that's the easiest way stand any one enout of it. But, positively, my dear, 1 couldn't eat a bite or""Just a cup of tea, Katherine; they iple without French

make it so delicious here," said the

The white-aproned waitress dropped a understand," Sue fainty menu card in front of each guest. Sue set hers aside and ordered a pot of tea with sugar wafers for two. "I'm so sorry, darling, but I never drink tea," Katherine murmured regret-

other, persuasively.

fully, as she scanned her menu. "Then you will take a glass of cream "No. Really, I'm not hungry. If

were they make the most appetizing chicken pot-ples." Sue's hand wandered to her pocket book reposing snugly in her lap; it's

slimness felt suggestive. "Try a chicker sandwich." she said, hurriedly. "Don't you think they are inconveni-ent to eat? I wish I felt hungry, the

touch to the pot-pie, "Positively you must," she added, making no effort to secure the check which the waitress had dropped diplomatically midway between the two.

she arose and moved away. "But I invited you to come with me." "So you did, you dear thing. But, remember, it is my turn next." "What's the matter, Sue?" asked the

"I insist " archiv from Katherine, as

check, darling," Katherine murmured,

when ice-cream and cake and the con

fectionery decorating the finger-bowl

saucer had served to add a finishing

latter's brother as she entered the parlor at home an hour later and sunk exhaustedly into a chair. "You look all done up. "So would you if a cup of tea had cost

you \$2.05, and you had had to walk home from downtown," Sue answered, savagely.



Roselle Knott, who is to play Josephine in "More Than Queen" this season, is a pretty woman and a canable actress. But she has set herself a hard task. To follow handsome, statuesque Julia Arthur in this part requires a Coal

f courage. If any woman on the stage or off can look a whole queen and a little over that woman is most certainly Julia Arthur.

Orrin Johnson. Annie Russell's leading man this season, was a Louisville boy and a cierk in a railroad office a few soul above waybills and yearned for a histrionic career. Mare Klaw, who was once a Louisville boy himself, took the young aspirant and gave him his first opportunity on the stage. He engaged him for a small part with Effic Elisler in "Woman Against Woman." Johnson has since made racid strides toward the

I met "Abe" Erlanger the other day coming out of the Holland Building on Broadway. Mr. Erlanger had the appearance of a man who had just broken the bank at Monte Carlo. There was a smouldering ur in his left optic which betokened inward satisfaction. Mr. Erlanger and his partner, Marc Klaw, have any number of frons in the fire JANE GORDON. this season.

CURRENT ANECDOTES. (In the Prevailing Style.)

New One on Mr. Oldgold.

There has been much amusement in colitical circles during the last few days ver a remark made by the Hon. John

P. Oldgold. Mr. Oldgold was about to enter the Plurality Building the other morning, when an intimate friend accosted him. "Hello, John!" said his friend. "Any-

thing new?"
"Yes," was Mr. Oldgold's instant reply, as he contorted his face, looked up at the sun and underwent a sternutatory convulsion, "there is a sneeze I

never got off before." This was too good to keep, and the ntimate friend lost no time in communi-

cating it to others.

One on Sir Henry.

All London has been convulsed with laughter over a story on Sir Henry Irving that has just come out.

A dramatic critic, thinking to curry favor with the illustrious tragedian, said, 'you've been like a mother to me, and I'd rather take a beating than leave "Sir Henry." he said, "I trust there is you, but the fact of the matter is and no toundation for the rumor that you he stopped and tried to blush the fact are about to retire from the stage." of the matter is that I'm going to get "My dear sir," replied Sir Henry, in a married, and I have rented a beautiful deep bass voice, "I always retire from the stage at the close of the last act."

> Dr. Stork Answers a Question. The following is the latest bon mot of

A friend of the popular pastor, meeting him on the street one morning, said: "Doctor, may I ask what you think of the Walker T. Bushington incident?" "I think," said the eminent divine. with a genial smile, "a great deal more

than I am going to say.' Having uttered this enigmatic reply he turned on his heel and walked rap-

HIS BLUFF CALLED.



De Popp-Yes, Miss Scadds, you need not be alarmed. They wouldn't hurt any one. All dogs Nice me.



"Come, Bluffy! Come, Tuffy! Gooboys! Goo"---



HIS REVENGE.



Hotel Guest-Confound that him not to knock so loud!



You will hammer, will "Biff!

"I'll just lay for him and teach boy! How often have I told him a lesson. He'll be up again in you!" a minute.'

Rich Uncle-No. I won't again, and I'll leave my money to that bright boy I met on the stairs.

goal of his ambitious hopes,

WANTED THE TRUTH.

"Of course," said the fat landlady, as

I handed her the key and gave as my reason for leaving that I was going out

of the city, "I suppose that my roomers

do get tired of my rooms and want to make a change sometimes, but I can't

see why they can't be honest about it

For instance, take that red-headed

young man who used to room on the top floor and play the piccolo. He came

to me yesterday and said: 'Mrs. Addi-

in Greenville, and, while I hate to give

up my room here. I've simply got to do

it.' Now, that young man never got a job in Greenville. He's still working it

the same old printing office near the

"Then that model young man who

coomed in 17. He handed me the key s

few months ago. 'Mrs. Addison,' he

said, 'you've been like a mother to me,

ou, but the fact of the matter is -and

ittle cottage out at Woodruff place."

Nerve? I saw him going into a chear coming-house on Ohio street a few

days after he handed me out that hot

air bunch, and to save his life he couldn't get his eyes turned my way.

hailed him, though, and asked him ho

he liked married life at Woodruff place

No, sir, I wouldn't care if a man would

ome to me and say that he was hard

up and wanted to change to some

heaper rooming-house, but I'm awful

ired of hearing these pipe dreams."

And then she folded her arms and asked me when I intended to leave the

matter is that I'm going to get

on,' he said, 'I've got a job 'way out

The Puttonstyles attended the grand hop at the Highballed-throng of the swellest set that ever manufactured soap or piloted out of a million, and now he is going out to sell some more wire. There is some commotion in the ballroom, Mrs. Puttonstyle John W. Grates is seen getting up from a friendly poker has fainted. She has just discovered that she has been dancing maze of the waltz and surrounded on all sides by a gushing game. Keene, Harriman and Morgan have just whip-sawed him -with the head waiter!

Circle.

ETTERS FROM----~THE PEOPLE.

and no mistake. Think of it! Whirling away in the misty

Castoria. They are gradually breaking right into the swell set a canal-boat!

Inconsistent Woman.

To the Editor of The Evening World: You throw light on the inconsistency of en who wear stuffed birds on their hats com-plaining of pigeon shooters for their cruelty. It as been plainly set forth by papers and magatines devoted to shooting that a pigeon wounded o death will be totally unconscious of its inries and will eat grass and ragsweed seeds a oment before expiring. To this I can testify, as have often seen it happen. This little "side I have otten seen it nappen. In a little dight' from your paper is the only fair editorial I have seen printed in any paper. I hope you will continue in this line in justice to piecon shooters, who are not cruel, nor, indeed, brutes. TRAPSHOOTER, Ossining, N. Y.

Would Smoke at the Theatre. the Editor of The Evening World:

Why are we forbidden in this country to smoke at the theatre? To be able to sit back and puff at a good cigar or cigarette would eatly enhance the interest of a play. The eatres are so large that the smoke would rise, eaving the air pure. Let some of our theat-ical managers think this over. I prophesy that he first manager who permits smoking during performances will have crowded houses. NICK OTEEN.

A Is Correct.

to the Editor of The Evening World: A says that more people have died since the world began than are living to-day. B says the contrary. Who is right? H. HERZIG. Another "L" Victim.

In answer to one of the "kicks" against crowded "L" trains (the writer complaining hat even the few who board the train at early pattern (No. 2002, 12, 14 and 16 will be sent for 10 cants.

i money to "Cashier, The World, are Building, New York City."

In the way up from Rector street on the "L." of course, I get a seat, but such a crowd comes in that it shuts out all the light and I cannot see to read. So the reader who wrote the complaint is not the only victim.

A. D. B.



"Help! Scadds! I'm drowning!"

Ouch! Pull 'em off, Miss